

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY DRAWING NEWS PAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 360—VOL. XIV.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.

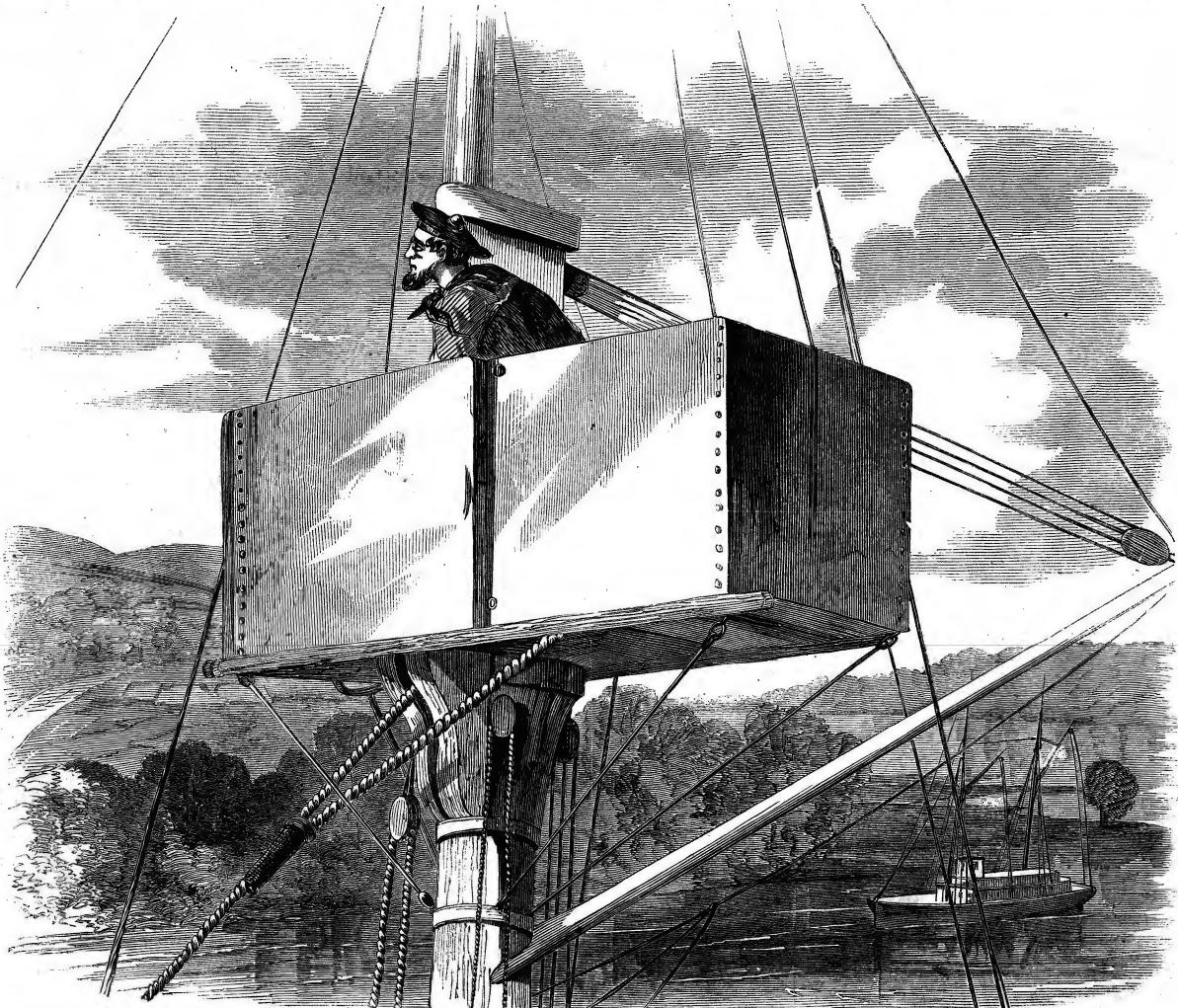
Spasms.

We must not expect too much of an Administration raised to power and organised with a view to partisan interests and to conciliate local influences, when it is called on to grapple with the momentous realities and severe duties devolved on it by a gigantic civil war. We may regret that the President has not the foresight and decision to gather around him men of the time, the creation of the time, comprehending its exigencies, and with the capacity and nerve, we had almost said the audacity, to meet them, as Mr. Chase has met the circumstances of his trying and anomalous position. Yet the President has the power to take the responsibility, as he has freely done of retaining in place valetudinarians, men of unhappy antecedents and imbecilities. No vote of lack of confidence on the part of the people or of the National Legislature can reach them. But if the President, having the power, and, for reasons satisfactory to himself, chooses to retain in place a Cabinet, in whole or part

objectionable, and which lends no weight to the National cause, we must insist that he shall so control it that it shall not make the nation ridiculous. Its conduct should be consistent, calm and dignified, not spasmodic and changeable. Look at the War Department! One day screeching for men, the next up to its eyes in contract-mongering, as under Cameron; then suddenly cutting off enlistments and disbanding regiments, and next hysterically calling on all the States to send forward their uniformed militia, which on the third day it refuses to receive. And then, after a spell of somnolency, suddenly breaking out in a call for 300,000 men, with the demoralizing stimulus of unprecedented bounties, and next abjuring the system, and evincing the first symptoms of intelligence by resort to a draft, coupled with a call for a force which should long ago, and might long ago, under any rational plan of operations, have been brought into the field. Had the administration of the Department been judicious and consistent, there is scarcely a

doubt but that the ranks of the army might have been filled to any standard desirable, and kept there, by voluntary enlistment. Not that we object to a draft, which is the surest, readiest and cheapest, and, therefore, the best way of raising an army; but because the hesitating, vacillating and un-systematic policy that has been pursued has been fruitful in delay, and obstructive and demoralizing in its influences.

Of this same lack of consistency, dignity and judgment the summary arrest of a newspaper reporter on allegations only amounting to a charge of impudence, coupled with the fulmination of a long and pompous order, is a flagrant example. And now we have an order, without parallel in history for its outrageous violation of the rights of the citizen, and from its nature incapable of enforcement without an utter disarrangement and destruction of all the social and business relations and interests of the country, prohibiting the good people of the United States from leaving the United States, and confining them to their respective



THE MASHED OF A U. S. GUNBOAT, IN THE JAMES RIVER, VA.—THE WATCH ON THE LOOKOUT FOR REBEL BATTERIES AND GUERRILLAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHELL, SEE PAGE 248.

States and counties, under penalty of arrest and imprisonment, without the benefit of the *habeas corpus*! This order is issued, and in many places enforced, on the same day, possibly restraining a few miserable wretches from leaving a country in which they are unworthy to remain, but on the whole, only annoying and interrupting the business of the country by damaging the personal rights and interests of its citizens. That it may be politic and good to keep every citizen liable to military duty in the country, until the draft is filled, we are not disposed to controvert; but that men should be held in the "Jail limits" of a State or county, pending the draft, is obviously tyrannical as well as absurd and impracticable. It is as obviously wrong to stop men going abroad whose arrangements were completed previously to the order, whatever the motive for leaving.

We are not surprised, therefore, after one day's fit of ill-directed and pointless energy, doing no good, but making much noise and trouble, the Secretary of War relapsed into normal lucidity, and practically upset his previous order, by the qualification that it was never intended to be enforced! The men who were clubbed away from the steamers are now, after needless vexation and delay, allowed to go their ways! Citizens not reasonably suspected of running off to evade their duty are to be allowed to move about, and the man who does business in New York may visit his family in Brooklyn with a reasonable immunity from arrest and imprisonment—with the *habeas corpus* suspended! It is the old story of the mouse and the mountain. But the order and its qualifications will remain standing monuments to the genius of the Secretary of War!

We have advocated the draft on our own account, and as an exponent of public sentiment, and are not opposed to proper restraint on the cravens who would seek to escape it under false pretenses, or by disgraceful flight. We should be glad to see all such arrested and placed in the front of battle, with artillery prompting their courage and patriotism from behind, and there compelled "to do or die." But we cannot believe that the cowardice which prompts to flight is so general as to necessitate an order so sweeping. It is a wanton and, we believe, a libelous aspersions on the American people to suppose that any considerable number require the restraints which the order imposes. The fugitives to which it was intended to apply must be few in number, and we are sure could be reached by measures less startling in their nature, and less vexatious in their operations, than were proclaimed from Washington.

But perhaps after the assurance of the Secretary of War that it was all a *brutum fulmen*, we ought not to be so serious over it. Nobody felt alarmed after the lion in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" assured the audience that he was only "Bottom, the Weaver!" We must confess, however, to a prejudice against practical joking on the part of a Secretary of War in times like these.

Barnum's American Museum.

THIS immense establishment continues to be crowded despite the war. It has now the finest collection of Novelties and the best Performances ever offered even there. Admission to all only 25cts. Children under 10 years, 15cts.

Nixon's Cremorne Garden, Palace of Music and Equestrian School.

14TH STREET and 14TH AVENUE. Open every Afternoon and Evening, and devoted to Pantomime, Ballet, Promenade Concerts and Equestrianism. The most talented Artists in the country are already engaged, and additions are constantly being made, making the Gardens at all times very attractive. Magnificent display of FIRE WORKS EVERY NIGHT. Among the Artists now engaged may be found

SEÑORITA CUBAS, the unrivaled Spanish Danceress;

THOMAS BAKER, Chief of Orchestra;

Croce, Helen, Ximenes, Ronzini, Wileton, Ch. Lehmann, Mille, Louise Tournarie, Young Madigan, Master Chas. Madigan, and a host of others.

A full Spanish and French Corps de Ballet.

Open every Sunday Evening for Promenade and Refreshments.

Admission to the whole, 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 10 City Hall Square, New York.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will please take notice that their Subscriptions for the current year will terminate with No. 364, which is the 62d issue for the year. This has been occasioned by the issue of double numbers, or, properly speaking, two numbers in a single week, when the importance and interest of the events illustrated seemed to demand it, in order to meet the requirements of the public.

Murder of Gen. Robert McCook.

If ever atrocity in war stamped disgrace on a cause the outrages committed by the rebels must consign theirs to eternal infamy. Their last outrage is the murder of a sick and wounded soldier, Gen. Robert McCook, of Ohio, who was popular even among his enemies for the humanity with which he discharged his duty. The circumstances are briefly these. On the 5th of August, Gen. McCook was in his ambulance very sick, and travelling slowly over the usual military road, on his way to join his brigade. About 10 o'clock in the morning, he arrived at a plantation on the outskirts of Salem, Alabama, where there was considerable shade and a spring of excellent water. After refreshing themselves his attendants passed on with the prostrated commander. It had, however, leaked out who the officer was, and a spy conveyed the intelligence to some of the inhabitants near. When the ambulance had proceeded about three miles from Salem, the driver and his companions found they were pursued by some of these men on horseback and a few gunners. Defence or flight was equally impracticable, so when the guerrilla leader, the Confederate hero of this triumph, ordered the driver to stop, he was obliged to submit. The assassins immediately surrounded the ambulance, yelling like fiends, some of them striving to get at the feeble inva-

lid. In the *mélée* the vehicle was overturned, and the wounded soldier pitched brutally into the road. In this state of almost infantine helplessness, the Alabamian assassins, those pests of England and France, murdered him, a soldier whom they feared to meet in combat. The last words the hero General uttered were to his attendant. They were: "Tell my brother Aleck, that I have lived like a man, and tried to do my duty!" The cowardly Confederates then rode off, but vengeance was on their path, for when the news of the murder became known among the camps, the 3rd Ohio, McCook's own regiment, marched back to the scene of the occurrence, burned every house in the neighborhood and laid waste the lands. Several men who were implicated in the murder were taken out and hung on trees by the infuriated soldiery. The President is now, we trust, convinced that if "one side of this quarrel" wage war to the knife, we have now got to do the same. Assassination can only be put down by making the city of the assassin a desert, and by compelling every man to love his neighbor as himself, by making him answerable for his neighbor's loyalty or sanity.

Suicide of the Arkansan.

THE three great iron "monsters" on which the rebels exhausted their ingenuity, the Merrimac, Louisiana and Arkansas, have been blown up by their commanders, and the Mississippi perished under the shot of Admiral Farragut's fleet. What fate may be in store for two counterparts of these reported to be in James river, for that at Savannah, and those in Mobile harbor, we will not undertake to say; it is pretty safe to assume that their care is for mischievous limited to themselves. The Merrimac, the Louisiana and the Monitor and ram now in progress, and which will be apt to make short work with all that remains of the naval devices of the rebels.

Our intelligence of the destruction of the Arkansan, whose sudden appearance among our flotillas on the Mississippi occasioned so much astonishment and alarm, and which threatened our control of the river, is derived from rebel sources. The Richmond papers report that she left Vicksburg on the 4th, to co-operate in a rebel attack on Baton Rouge. After passing Bay St. Louis, which is only about 35 miles above Baton Rouge, her machinery became disabled, and before it could be adjusted several of the National gunboats attacked her, and after some resistance she was abandoned and destroyed. The dispatch states that her officers and crew reached the shore in safety. When we get the other side of the story, it will probably be found that the National gunboats played a much more important part in the affair than the rebel papers assign them.

The Campaign in Central Virginia—Battle on the Rapidan.

FIGHTING has been resumed in Virginia, not in the valley of the Shenandoah nor before Richmond, but in the very heart of the state, on the banks of the Rapidan river, about 5 miles north of Gordonsville, the key position on the great Virginia Central railway. The battle took place on Saturday, August 9th, between a large rebel force under Gen. Jackson and Ewell, and the corps of National troops under Gen. Banks. Fighting commenced in the morning, and was kept up until midnight, with heavy loss on both sides, but with no substantial benefit to either. Gen. Banks, however, holding his position it was reinforced late in the afternoon by a portion of Gen. McDowell's command, and Gen. Pope came on the field in person. The rebels were also heavily reinforced. Late accounts represent that Gen. Siegel was carrying forward his command to the scene of conflict, and that Gen. Butler was marching to Gordonsville from Fredericksburg, 30 miles distant. The battle was not renewed on Sunday morning, both sides evidently awaiting reinforcements and preparing for another and more decisive struggle on a grander scale. Should the Union forces effect a junction in time, there can be but little doubt of the result, notwithstanding the rebels have free and easy communication with Richmond by means of the Virginia Central railroad, and can draw on their reserves at that point to the full capacity of their railway. Should the rebel army at Richmond be seriously weakened by the large requisitions Jackson will certainly be compelled to make in order to fight the combined National forces with any chance of success, another opportunity will be offered to Gen. McClellan to advance on the rebel capitol, of which he has hitherto been deprived.

Gen. Butler, of course, will take advantage of the killed on the National side, and Col. Donnelly, of the 22d New York regiment, and Gens. Geary and Augur severely wounded. The rebel Commander in Chief Jackson and Gen. Ewell, Windom are wounded, and Gen. Saxton killed. The rebels also lost two pieces of artillery and a large number of small arms.

RICH HAUL.—The English steamer Ladona, with a cargo of arms, ammunition and supplies, was captured a few days since off Savannah, while attempting to run the blockade, by the gunboat Unadilla. This makes the 13th English steamer that has been captured while trying to break the blockade. Their aggregate value, with their cargoes is something over \$5,000,000! "Keep sending on!"

GEN. HALLECK has proposed to the President to fill up the officers of all the new regiments which may be formed from those already in the field, instead of appointing them from the ranks of inexperienced civilians, or others who may be instrumental in raising regiments. This plan, if carried out, will be of vast service to the army. It will afford promotion to many worthy officers who have endured hardship and privation for the cause of their country, and will secure to the new levies commanders who understand their duty in the field.

The rebels at Savannah have fitted out the British steamer Flugel, which ran the blockade last fall, as a war vessel and ram. She has made her appearance before Fo'r' Point, accompanied with the intention of endeavoring to run past. She is described as a formidable affair, carrying two 100-pound guns, six 4-inch columbiads, four 30-pound rifle-guns, and two 24-pounders on grape and canister. She is said to resemble the Merrimac in shape and form, with a massive broadside at each end. Our troops are preparing to receive her. The plan of the rebels is said to be: first, to destroy our fleet, and then to move her around to Seabrook and there cover the landing of their forces, which meanwhile are concentrating at Bluffton, Hargroveville and Grimhamsville.

THE Prince de Joinville has written a letter to his brother, the Due d'Alma, which is published in the London papers, describing the retreat of Gen. McClellan from the York to the James river. He attributes the movement to the necessity arising from the junction of the troops of Gen. Jackson and Beauregard with those previously at Richmond. It was not a "strategic movement," but one forced on Gen. McClellan.

HONDURAS TURKEYS.—The English Acclimation Society had met with great success in acclimating plants, animals, etc., obtained from South America, and, while it naturally supposed, cannot be propagated in any country but the United States, has taken up the matter of acclimating native American fowls. Besides the ruffed grouse, plumed grouse, American quail and Chihuahua quail, the Society has now received from this side of the Atlantic a lot of turkeys. They were sent from Honduras, and are a cross between the wild turkey of the woods and savannahs of that country and the common tame turkey of the poultry pens.

SURGEON JOHN MCGREGOR, who was captured at Bull Run, has been released after an imprisonment of a year by the rebels

and has published a statement of the treatment received by himself and his fellow prisoners at the hands of the Southern chivalry, male and female. Of the hospital for the National soldiers at Salisbury, N. C., he says:

"The majority of the sick had to lie on the floor, without anything under them. The principal diseases were typhoid fever, scurvy and diarrhoea. There were no medicine or food of any consequence, and the poor slaves had to endure their agonies in silence, without any relief whatever."

"The winter was severe, and the snow lay deep. The hospital was situated in the Lutherian burying-ground, but the women of Salisbury came forward and interfered in this, also at Col. Cobb's, and the body was removed to a tanyard, where all subsequent interments were made."

A PROPER PRECAUTION.—The importance of protecting our Pacific coast against all possible contingencies of a war with Europe is too obvious to require comment, and is now attracting the attention of Government. An iron-clad steamer has already been commenced, designed for the Pacific waters. She is the first of a fleet to be built on this side and part on the other side of the continent, at the San Francisco Navy Yard. It is not proper to particularize at present, but it may be stated that the fleet will be adequate for every purpose of defense. Our present Pacific squadron consists of six vessels, and three of these are steamers, and of these two are gunboats. Annexed is a statement of the entire forces of the United States, France and England in the Pacific ocean:

	Vessels.	Guns.	Men.
United States	6	82	1,210
England	14	300	3,00
France (about)	9	105	2,00
Total	31	492	6,310

Thus it will be seen that France and England have five times our usual force adjoining one of our most prosperous and important States.

MR. E. A. STEVENS, of Hoboken, has made the following fair offer to the Government regarding the Stevens' iron floating battery:

I propose either that the Government pay me the amount advanced by me to build, or release me of all responsibility and place me at liberty to sell my claim to the vessel, and I will float it at my own risk a sum expense, within 18 months, under a condition of \$60,000, and if the Government can take it after it is finished, in their opinion, it is a success, at the amount estimated for its completion, viz., \$783,294.

GEN. HALLECK, according to the Washington correspondents, was recently waited on by a committee from Cincinnati, and is said to have been greatly impressed by the representations of the members, that he was, and always has been, in favor of a thorough organization of our army to repel the rebels, slaves included. He had ordered Gen. McClellan to impress and use as many negroes as he could get in any military duty for which they could be employed. He instructed him to make no inquiry as to whether they were slaves or free; or, if slaves, whether of distroy or Uncle masters. These were matters that belonged to the civil authorities.

COLORADO TERRITORY is about to ask admission into the Union as a State. The population of Colorado is said to be already greater than that of Oregon when that State was admitted, and is as large as that of Oregon at the present time.

TAXATION CHEERFULLY CONSIDERED.—If we assume that at the opening of 1863 our national debt will be \$600,000,000, it will even then be less than one-third of that of Great Britain, one-half that of France, the second of Austria, and even the little kingdom of Holland. And, to add to our misery, we are to pay interest on our debt at a rate of 6 per cent., and the rebels, slaves included. He had ordered Gen. McClellan to impress and use as many negroes as he could get in any military duty for which they could be employed. He instructed him to make no inquiry as to whether they were slaves or free; or, if slaves, whether of distroy or Uncle masters. These were matters that belonged to the civil authorities.

It is a pity that a large portion of our military aspirants were not equally sensible of their incapacity for service in the field.

EX-GOV. HICKS, of Maryland, has earned a new hold on public respect by declining the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, whi injudicious friends had prevailed on the President to offer him. In his letter of declension the Ex-Governor sensibly observes:

I am now very anxious upon the ordinary limit of human life, and most desirous to spend the balance of my days in the quietness and retirement of private life; but I could not and would not refuse my services to my country, if called upon to do so, in any emergency of national importance or otherwise; or, however humble, the duties of which could be congenial on account of physical ability sufficiently to discharge. The success of a faithful performance of the duties of the position to which you have invited me would render me a valuable member of the military science only acquired by long experience and most patient and laborious study, and, in my judgment, utterly destitute of all military experience. Under such circumstances, to accept your appointment would be a wrong to myself, unjust to you, and might possibly result in the slaughter of the brave men who might follow me to the field."

It is a pity that a large portion of our military aspirants were not equally sensible of their incapacity for service in the field.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

HOW MANY MORE MEN MUST THE UNION STATE SUPPLY?—Every body is asking what is the quota of our State under the call for volunteers and conscripts. Gov. Morgan's proclamation of April 1st, 1861, called for 13,260 men; and if the same rule of apportionment is observed now, the men required from New York will be 33,200 men, each of which is equivalent to a company of 100 men. By the report of the Adjutant-General, we learn that the organized militia of the State for the last year was 19,013; this was not inclusive of the enrolled or unorganized militia.

THE ARREST AND SEARCH OF LESLIE COOMBS'S DAUGHTER.—It was announced on Friday evening, Aug. 18th, that Mrs. Mitchell, the daughter of Gen. Leslie Coombs, had been arrested at Cincinnati, while at a hotel, and her person and papers searched. A contraband character was found. Gen. Coombs, hearing of the transaction, endeavored to ascertain at whose instigation the arrest was made, but could not do so, and thus indignantly protested.

"No man deserves a longer trial than I do," said Gen. Coombs, in a speech at Washington, in 1860, against Buchanan and his infamous crew of thieves at Washington, aided by Breckinridge and friends, and the State authorities in Kentucky. "There is not a man of my name, as far as I know, or have heard, in the country who has been tried for treason, or for any other offense, and have not been tried in the battle-fields of my country, or else, there fore, to have my children treated with common decency and humanity—apart from my daughters."

THE publisher of the South Bend (*Ind.*) *Register*, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax's son, asked him to write an editorial or last week's paper, which the honorable gentleman did, as follows: "To the first 90 men, who enlisted in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd regiments, and are mustered into the service, in addition to the \$25 bounty paid by the Government on enlistment, and the month's pay (\$3), and \$3 paid for each recruit. This addition to the sum amount offered by the Government will make the total amount being mustered \$60."

THE U. S. steam freight Luckaway was launched on Saturday morning. Over 800 persons—the majority of whom were ladies—were present. The launch was entirely successful. The ceremony of naming her was performed by Miss Couper, daughter of Commodore Couper, of the U. S. Navy.

CHICAGO was considerably stirred up on the 2d inst., by the arrival of the brig Steplur, Capt. Wang, direct from Bergen, Norway, with emigrants and goods. She left Bergen on the 25th of May, and remained until the 10th; arrived at Montevideo on the 11th, and passed through the Weland Canal on the 2d, started Detroit on the 23d. There she left 40 passengers, and started for Lake Michigan, arriving at Chicago on the 2d of August. She is the first European passenger vessel ever navigated through the lake.

BETTING ON STRATEGY.—Mr. Orpheus C. Kerr, the veracious historian of the Mackrellville brigade, has laid by ten weeks a series of victories achieved by that redoubtable body of veterans, which by profound remarks will probably culminate either in

the fall of Richmond, or the fall of the year." Respecting the probability of the former result, he nations that a great panic was occasioned by "a gambling chieftain who has been saving up money to buy the fall of Richmond, and it was trying to put it out at leisure." "I'll take even percent, for it will be the fall of the game, and a good one," says Mr. Kerr adds that a broker took it for five years, with the privilege of extorting the time after each fresh victory.

On the arrival of Gen. Halleck at the headquarters, Harrison's Landing, the Army of the Potomac, are ordered to lay aside their pickaxes and shovels, all further digging being suspended.

As a sign of the times, and a proof how far the military spirit has entered into the heart of the nation, we notice the New York *Herald*, which, in its 1st Aug., war books, says by Col. Bates, have had a sale of about 100,000 copies, the largest sale on record except "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

GEN. BURNSIDE was recognized in Nassau street a few days ago, and was at once surrounded by a large crowd and called on for a speech. Entering a house near by, he addressed the crowd from the balcony as follows:—"My dear Friends—The hour has come to extract from you a little that has taken me aback. I expected to come here quietly and go away without making any excitement; but the kind interest you took in me proves that you will also take some interest in what I have to tell you. That is, that all goes well with us, and that we are trying to act as peaceably. (Volunteers—The stall will be filled up.) This is the best advice I have to give you—all up the old regiment. So many men have so many times prefected the time of the end of the rebellion, and been mistaken, that I will not do so now; but I will tell you that if you are not satisfied, you can fill up the stall for the kind reception you have given me, and hope to meet you here again when peace and quiet reign among us."

PERSONAL.

A WAR has broken out in London between those rival Kings of Benvorl—Burlensult and Webster—and all on account of "Colleen Bawn." The first was Mr. Webster writing a book against His Holiness, and the second was Mr. Bawn who was trying to act as peaceable. In this note the Alpha! Manger indirectly threatened gentle! men with personal violence. Public opinion is very strong agst Webster.

M. JOE JEFFERSON, the popular actor, is playing with great success at Melbourne, Austr. Ill.

BEAUREGARD, "the Corinthian Hero," is recruiting at Brad Springs, Ala., not a regiment, but on a *regiment*.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES is now in Ireland, visiting the land of his birth, where he has not been for 16 years. He left Ireland when a boy—poor and unprepossessing; he returns to it now, a wealthy man, a High Churchman, and the author of one of the signs—an Archbishop of the first See of America; a friend to the Emperor of France, who received him with the respect due to a father, in his own palace and at his own table; the confidant of the Pope of Rome, and the inferior in the influence of no man in the Roman Church except the Pope himself.

Gen. RIPLEY, who is or was the rebel military commander at Charleston, was held by a culprisive committee. Some men ago, when a large number of Union prisoners were in that city, one of them—*surgery*—was sent. The subaltern was condemned the same day he was born, at eleven, and the Empress and Prince Imperial call'd over at two and a half the act of birth, and at night the court of the Palais Royal was lit up, as were also the palaces of St. Cloud and Philippsburg, when the little party was surprised by the General. The General, however, was not so much interested in the greater hostility toward the Christian missionaries—much greater than most of the Christian Governments of Europe show towards the dissenting denominations; but the fanaticism of a part of the Mohammedan population is greater and more uncontrollable than formerly.

This great event of the week has been the christening of the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor of Austria.

It was the same day he was born, at eleven, and the Empress and Prince Imperial call'd over at two and a half the act of birth, and at night the court of the Palais Royal was lit up, as were also the palaces of St. Cloud and Philippsburg, when the little party was surprised by the General. The General, however, was not so much interested in the greater hostility toward the Christian missionaries—much greater than most of the Christian Governments of Europe show towards the dissenting denominations; but the fanaticism of a part of the Mohammedan population is greater and more uncontrollable than formerly.

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BELLE BOYD, the Secessy Cleopatra, is caged at last. It appears th' sh's had r'dn'l lrg. teeth, and a loud, coarse laugh.

She is a devoted admirer of Stonewall Jackson.

The indefatigable Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, and who for nearly 30 years has labored early and late without ceasing upon the improvement of his system of shorthand, has been presented with an elegant bronze time-piece, silver vase, with a purse of \$750, and a set of the phonetic standard token of the high approval of its excellence, and of his untiring and unequalled labors in its extension.

AMONG the arrivals in town is the distinguished Southern author, M. M. T. Hulds Butz, of Norfolk—one o' the few ladies o' th' rebellious town to be steadily adhered to the Union. We notice that she is in demand as a lecturer, in "A Lecture on the Holy City," a paper by the way, w'ich was formerly a regular correspondent, and which may now be considered as beneath notice.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY, the New York correspondent of the *London Times*, has just been placed by Lord Palmerston on the pension list, and is hereafter to receive \$600 per annum from the British Government. The announcement is made officially that it is "in consideration of his contributions to poetry and general literature."

OBITUARY.

SIR ALAN NAPIER MACNAUL, a well-known Canadian statesman, died at Toronto, on the 1st Aug., at the age of 52. He came to Canada when a mere boy, and participated in the war of 1812 both in the army and the navy. Then he studied law, and practised at Hamilton and other places with success. In 1829 he was chosen Member of Assembly, and served there three terms. He was once Speaker of the Lower House. During the Patriot War he was a Major in the Militia, and sent out the party that seized the steamer Caroline. After the insurrection was quelled he was knighted for distinguished service. When the two provinces were united he was made Speaker of the new Legislature, and in 1842 became President of the Board of Education. On retirement he made a baronet, and has since remained in private life.

BIG. GEN. ROBERT McCOOK, who was shot on Wednesday, the 5th Inst., near Selma, Alabama, was a native of Ohio, and a graduate of West Point. He was Colonel of the 1st Ohio Regt. at the Battle of Bull Run, and was promoted to Major-General. He had been made a Brigadier General. Uniting the dignity of a true officer with the affability and kindness of a gentleman, he was greatly respected by his commands. His brief life, under his careful supervision, was noted for its success. He was a man of great energy, and his name is still famous during the war. Anecdotes is a partial record of their patriotism: Daniel McCook, Paymaster in Buell's army, is father of the following seven sons: Brig.-Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook; Col. John McCook, Paymaster in Buell's army, and now a Major-General; Lt.-Col. Edwin McCook, 3rd Calvary; Lt.-Col. Charles McCook, the subject of this sketch; Lieut.-Col. Edwin McCook, 3rd Illinois; Luther McCook, Surgeon in 3d; Charles McCook, private, who was present at Dr. John McCook, Surgeon in 3d, Louisiana, brother o' the above. Daniel McCook, Lt.-Col. McCook, Surgeon in 3d, Col. McCook, 2d Illinois; Major Alanson G. McCook, 2d Ohio Infantry; Henry C. McCook, Chaplain 1st Illinois; Lieut. R. S. McCook, U. S. Navy, commanded the Staff and 1st Strips at the taking of Newbern, N.C.; and Lt.-Col. McCook, 1st Illinois.

LAWRENCE RANDOLPH JEFFERSON, a nephew and adopted son of the immortal Stonewall Jefferson, died on the 1st of July last, at his residence in Todd County, Kentucky, in the 71st year of his age. The personal resemblance when he bore to the gr'at author of the Declaration of Independence is said to have been astonishingly striking; nor was he less remarkable for his great mental and moral attributes which distinguished this illustrious statesman. He left a wife and several children to mourn his departure.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Vienna journals announce the approaching publication of a pamphlet in the French language, by the Duke of Modena. It is entitled, "The Modenes' Troops in Austria," and demands that Austria sh'd continue to maintain them.

The representative of a grand name in French science has just passed away. This was the Marquise de Laplace, widow of the illustrious philosopher, who has so singularly dominated the French Newton. The Marquise was 91 when she died. Her illustrious husband, who was born in 1743, appears almost to belong to another era.

The Emperor Napoleon (according to a letter from Vichy, July 10) is going through the same regime as MM., the ordinary bathers and water-drinkers. His Majesty is up early, and may be seen at the Grand Hotel, where he has a large room, and a master group of attendants from all parts of the world who live in seclusion, are here to drink health. After inhaling this mixture, he is, like the rest, like soda water, the elect of the French nation takes his bath about

half past nine, accompanied by Gen. Flenuy and M. Moquard in his walk to and from the establishment. He dedicates only two or three hours to work after breakfast, when the winter-braking o'mences again, after a walk or a drive, the day is closed at 'nun.

The Emperor will remain 2 days at Vichy, living in a much re-

duced diet as possible.

D. THOMAS W. EVANS, the American dentist of Pa., has just returned from a professional visit to the Vicerey of Egypt, on board h' yacht at Woolwich. The doctor describes his Highness as a magnificently wealthy, n' a liberal and amiable prince. Among his presents to him were a diamond ring worth \$100,000, a diamond brooch, diamonds, worth at least \$300,000; and the Vicerey's toothbrush alone, set richly with precious stones, is worth at least \$40,000, and the stand upon which it rests has that sum.

The Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres arrived at

Tunbridge Wells, on the 20th.

They were met at the station by

the ex-Queen of England and other members of the Orange family.

On the 21st Aug., Princess Alice, the Queen's daughter, and

the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, the Earl of

Salisbury, the Duke of Cambridge has just completed the purchase of 400

acres of land in the parish of Bishopsthorpe, Worcestershire. The vendor was the Earl of Harrowby.

Those jolly fellows, the Japanese Ambassadors, were re-

ported at Berlin the 25th ult.

The King of Italy has conferred on Tamburini, the cele-

brated singer, the Cross of the Order of St. Maurice.

ANOTHER American missionary has been murdered in

Turkey. The murderer of the Rev. J. Coppling had hardly been cap-

tured when a second

attempt was made on the American Board of Missions, stationed at Philippopolis.

He had recently made a journey to Constantinople, accompanied by his wife, and had arrived with une

asylum at Philippopolis when the little party was surprised by the

Turks.

The General's

ambition

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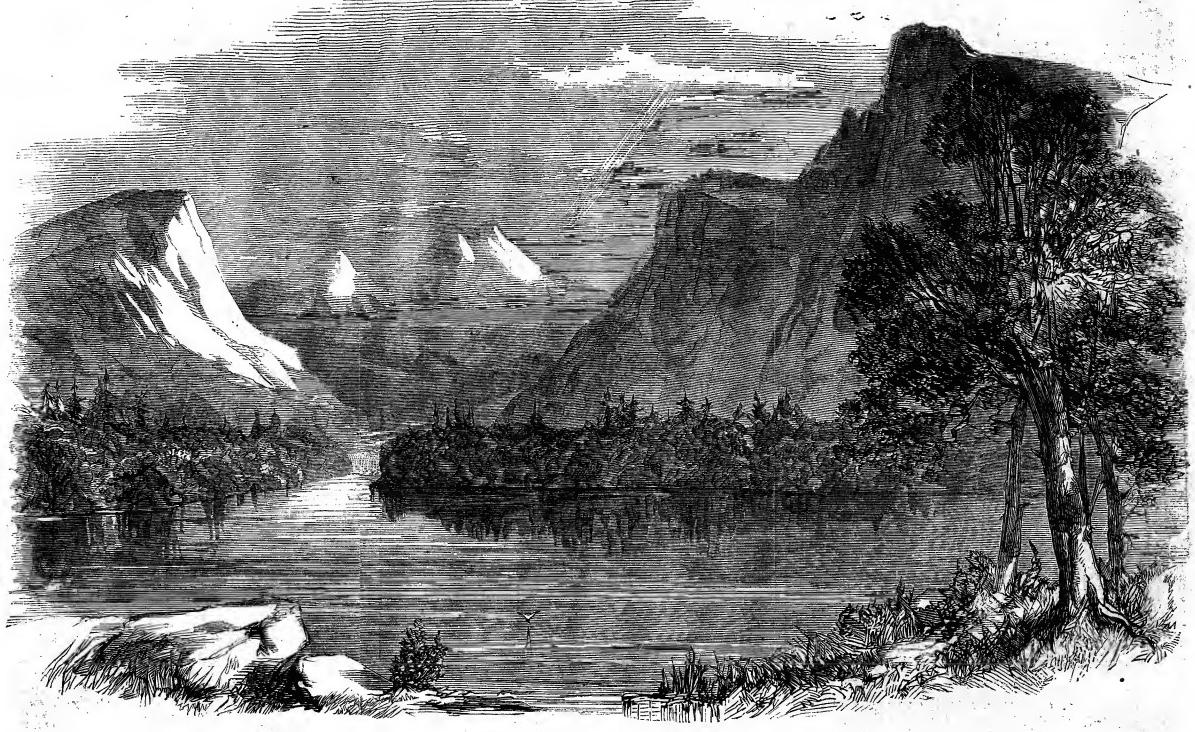
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LAKE IN THE VALLEY OF YO SEMITE, CALIFORNIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN HYER.

LAKE IN THE VALLEY OF THE YO SEMITE.

AMONG the most wonderful curiosities in California is the celebrated Yo Semite Valley, said to be unmatched for picturesque beauty and sublime grandeur. A succession of wild valleys, deep gorges, footings, winding passes, groves, green swards, peaks and strange rocks, grandly turn and turn. Beautiful waterfalls of the most varied description, and of great dimensions, also scenes of the south side of the valley, opposite the Yo Semite Fall, stands Pyramid Rock, 3,200 feet high; while further up is Lake Mirror, a beautiful body of water; north and south Dome Mountains, the Canopah and Howane, Tusayar and other falls, with other beautiful vagaries of nature, render the whole region incredibly beautiful. "Here are a thousand nooks and corners and woody dell's, every one of which is full of enchanting picturesqueness."

In a few years, when this region shall have become thickly settled, when villages and villages dot the slopes and valleys, and roads and bridges add to the charms of the slopes and streams, the Valley of the Yo Semite will be more favorably known to the cosmopolite traveller than the Vale of Cashmere, or any other far-famed Euro-

pian or Oriental spot. Certain it is that at present no country on the face of the earth can boast so exquisitely lovely, such as ordinary, such sublime or such winningly beautiful scenery as California. Had it been known in earlier times to such races as the Hindoo, the Shemite and the Norse, it would have given the world a new mythology and a new poetry.

SCENE IN CALIFORNIA—SIFTING THE GOLD EARTH.

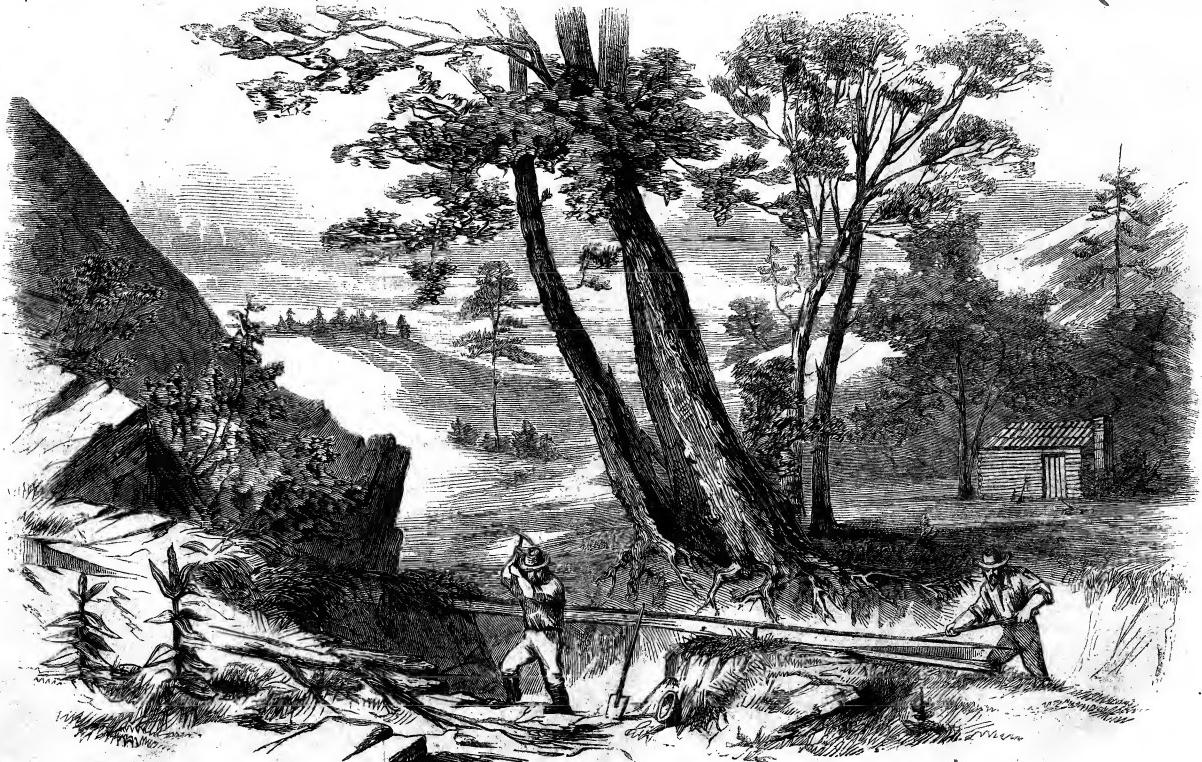
THE methods of sifting the gold earth, or rather of washing the dross from the ore, are very various, and represent different nationalities. The Chilianos, Peruvians and Mexicans still use the primitive instruments of the crowbar and the washbowl, not having advanced a step since the Conquest.

Our Artist, Capt. Hyer, says that, "without meaning any disrespect to the Papal religion, he has always been able to trace the progress of its growth in that which by its systematic dogmatism and arts of life." This, however, is true of all established religions, it being the nature of dogmatism to paralyze investigation, material

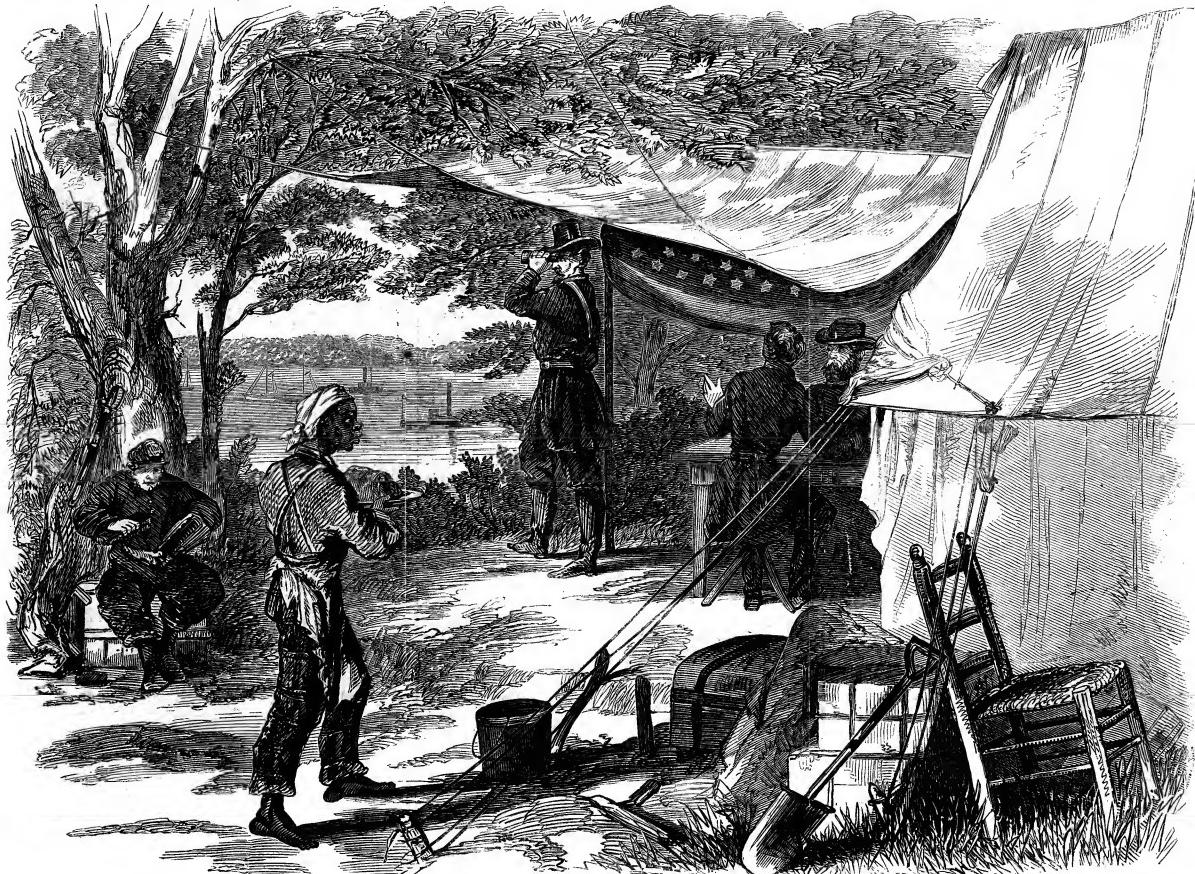
and mortal. Many of these Catholic gold-diggers consider themselves equipped for their campaign if they go armed with a crowbar and a wooden bowl. Then "the washbowl" the orifice of the rocks, and if they succeed in obtaining a small quantity of the shining metal, out comes their whiskey bottle and their guitar, and drinking and music stop their work and reward their success.

Even in California these rude methods are seen more or less modified. "I saw near Sacramento a long trough used called Long Tom, which was very successful, although, of course, not equal to the washbowl. It consists of a long trough placed in a slanting position, into the upper end of which a quantity of the gold dirt or quartz ore is placed under a stream of water, which washes away the dirt and leaves the gold as a sediment or deposit.

"In New Granada the gold and silver washing is very rude. The miner builds himself a platform of about eight feet square, of either flat stones or boards, with a rim around it of about a foot in height. The platform is inclining, at the end of which is a pool of water on the ground. At the upper part is the dirt placed, and the miner takes his position near the pool, and pushes, with a large horn spoon, water against the dirt, which, by degrees, will be washed down to the



MINERS WASHING THEIR GOLD EARTH THROUGH THE "LONG TOM"—A SCENE NEAR SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.



GUNBOATS ON THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA.—SKETCHED FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF COL. E. C. BUTLER, PROVOST-MARSHAL, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHELL.



WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—REBEL GUERRILLAS WATCHING A WAGON TRAIN GOING THROUGH A PASS IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

lower end of the platform, where the gold and other heavy particles are collected. This he collects, and gathers the gold by amalgamation with quicksilver.

"We have a town of Gundalow, in the State of San Luis Potosí, are many quicksilver mines, which, however, are nearly all abandoned at present on account of the low price for which this drug is furnished by the proprietors of the New Almaden Mine in California. There are also a number of silver mines partly deserted, and one gold mine, which is owned by a poor Mexican. Part of the tunnel having caved in, and the proprietor having no means of building it up again, and then being no spirit of enterprise amongst the more wealthy inhabitants, he occupied his time and made a living for himself and family by washing the sand in the above described manner.

"The mine consists of rock, of the color of oxide of iron and clay, mixed with sand and quartz and crystallized copper ore, the latter in large quantities. The rock as well as the clay contains particles of gold, as I have proved by experiment to my satisfaction, and it awaits on some time to come to make me a fortune."

"These silver veins called 'cavado,' which is the name for smelting, are also found in the above described mine, and are washed out by a hammer to a small size; it is ground fine, with the addition of some water, under the 'arrastre,' which is a heavy stone, to which is attached a mule, and is dragged over the silver ore until it is reduced to the consistency of black dust, which it also resembles in color. They are afterwards made of it, of conical shape, three feet high and three feet across, and are then heated over a fire of charcoal and a pound of quicksilver is poured into each. They are left two or three weeks to cool, these heaps are removed, and never omitted to scratch the sign of the cross on each. The silver then, which is contained in the heap, has amalgamated with the quicksilver, and is washed out on the above described 'plancha.'

"Many families make a living by it, for this poor species of ore is generally abundant, and the proprietors of silver mines, and being thrown away, is left to the disposition of the poorer class."

A BATTLE HYMN FOR MIDSUMMER 1862.

By the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain of Baltimore.

KING of the sword and shield,
Throned on each battle-field;

Holy is thy strength,

Look through the battle-smoke,

G ide thou the battle stroke,

God who of yore has broke—

The red ranks of Wrong.

Deeds crown prayers with might;

Soldiers' song in His right;

War is his awful form,

Vengeance in our blood made warm,

God in His battle's storm

Men are but reeds.

Closet up your silent ranks,

Ransom'd nations crown with thanks;

Let earth's bold sons,

Here in the glorious steel,

Here in the cannon's peal,

Foes reel from tho' who kneel;

Strike for the old.

One thought for home and land,

For them in Thy right hand

Our lives are given;

My Father, we are thine, we bind,

Lives, love in blood now signed;

They who live shall find

The life of Heaven.

Charge up a line of fire!

Charge to the sounding lyre!

Or battle's shock!

Hounds of war are white

In Duty's holy light,

God is the patriot's might;

The martyr's rock.

God of our father's fame,

Save us by battle's fame:

From Freedom's night:

One flag o'er Fatherland;

One home of Freedom's strand;

God speed the right!

The Prodigal Son.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WILFORD'S WIFE.

It was twilight. Though the weather was not cold, a fire was lit in the pleasant drawing-room of Mr. Fuller's cottage at Grilling Abbotts. The doctor had given orders for the fire, finding his daughter shivering and weak. So, close to the heart, on a low chair, holding her sleeping child in her arms, sat Violet. She had been reading until the daylight had faded, and her eyes ached too much, or were too full of tears, for her to continue. It is needless to say from what book Vi let, in her deep affliction, was seeking consolation and support. Faint with suffering, she leaned upon the relation which had been the treasured possession of her whole life, and found the strength to endure, and the patience and comfort of which her wan face so immediate. By the waning light she had read once again the golden words of invitation to the oppressed: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and already her burden seemed something lightened. The first pangs of her agony had passed away. She had recovered a little from the primal overwhelming effects of the blow which had descended upon her with a violence and a suddenness alike frightful—which, while it had lacerated her poor heart, had deranged her intellect and menaced even her life. This excess of acute suffering had gone, and she had now acquired calmness and strength to support a pain which, if less violent in its visitation, was yet hardly less certain and lasting. Still now she could weep and pray. At first even she had seemed not possible to her. She wept and prayed, hugging her child to her heart.

It was painful to look upon her now—remembering what she had been—how radiantly happy so short a time back, as a wife, as a mother. In what vulnerable places had the poor soul been stricken! A wife no longer. A mother—when the word seemed to convey reproach and disgrace. How white she was—as marble—with a strange rigidity about her lineaments—as though they had been, as it were, pressed by her great grief. That mobility of expression which had distinguished her face so exquisitely before was now wholly gone. In lieu of it, there was one fixed look of hopeless suffering—almost of utter despair. Now and then, when she closed her aching eyes—*or even the poor light of the fire was a torture to them*—there was quite a corpse-like look upon her face—it was so still, so lifeless. If she was a Madonna now, it was a Madonna carved in stone. The color was gone from her cheeks, from her lips, and the light from her eyes. For some time she would remain almost motionless; and then by a slight change of position of the thin white hands that were twined and woven round her baby, that it could be seen that she lived. Poor Violet! And she was schooling herself to support her hard fate. She was clutching, by her trust in Heaven, all repining at its decrees; and she was crushing down with all her might each impulse that prompted her to level a charge or a reproof against the man who had brought upon her all this dire trouble.

"He is my husband before God," she murmured. But even the comfort of that thought could not overcome her dread of what man

would say of her, and, above all, of the poor little one in her lap; and her door seemed to be harder than she could bear.

The door was opened softly, and her father entered. He looked very pale, and the sad events of the day had again been related to him; he knew—what he had heard, his daughter again in the house—seemed to have added several years to his age. He was much bent, his hair quite white, and he trembled as he walked. No—*she* advanced into the room, but Violet opened her eyes as he approached.

"Dear father," she said, with a very sad smile, but a most kindly look in her eyes; and she put her face to be kissed. It was the last door she opened softly, and her father entered. He looked very pale, and the sad events of the day had again been related to him; he knew—what he had heard, his daughter again in the house—seemed to have added several years to his age. She so it seemed, looking back into the room, from that terrible present. The doctor turned away as this thought occurred to him, and for a moment would not trust himself to speak.

"I thought—I hoped that you were asleep, dear son," he said, at length stooping down and kissing her, as he smoothed her soft hair. She shook her head mournfully. "No, I cannot sleep."

"You should try and fall asleep, I can example," he went on; and he moved the light muslin in kerchief that had hid the rounded pink face of the little one, sleeping soundly—two small plump fists curled together under his chin. "See how soundly baby sleeps!" She bowed her head over the child, hiding her face.

"How like it is to him," she whispered, rocking herself to and fro.

A cloud passed over the doctor's forehead. He frowned fiercely, as he said.

"Don't speak of him! I can't bear it. I can't bear to think of him even—and the cruel, cruel wrong that he has done to you, my darling. He is a villain."

"No, no, father—don't say that. I must not—I cannot bear to hear you speak so. Remem—remem—"

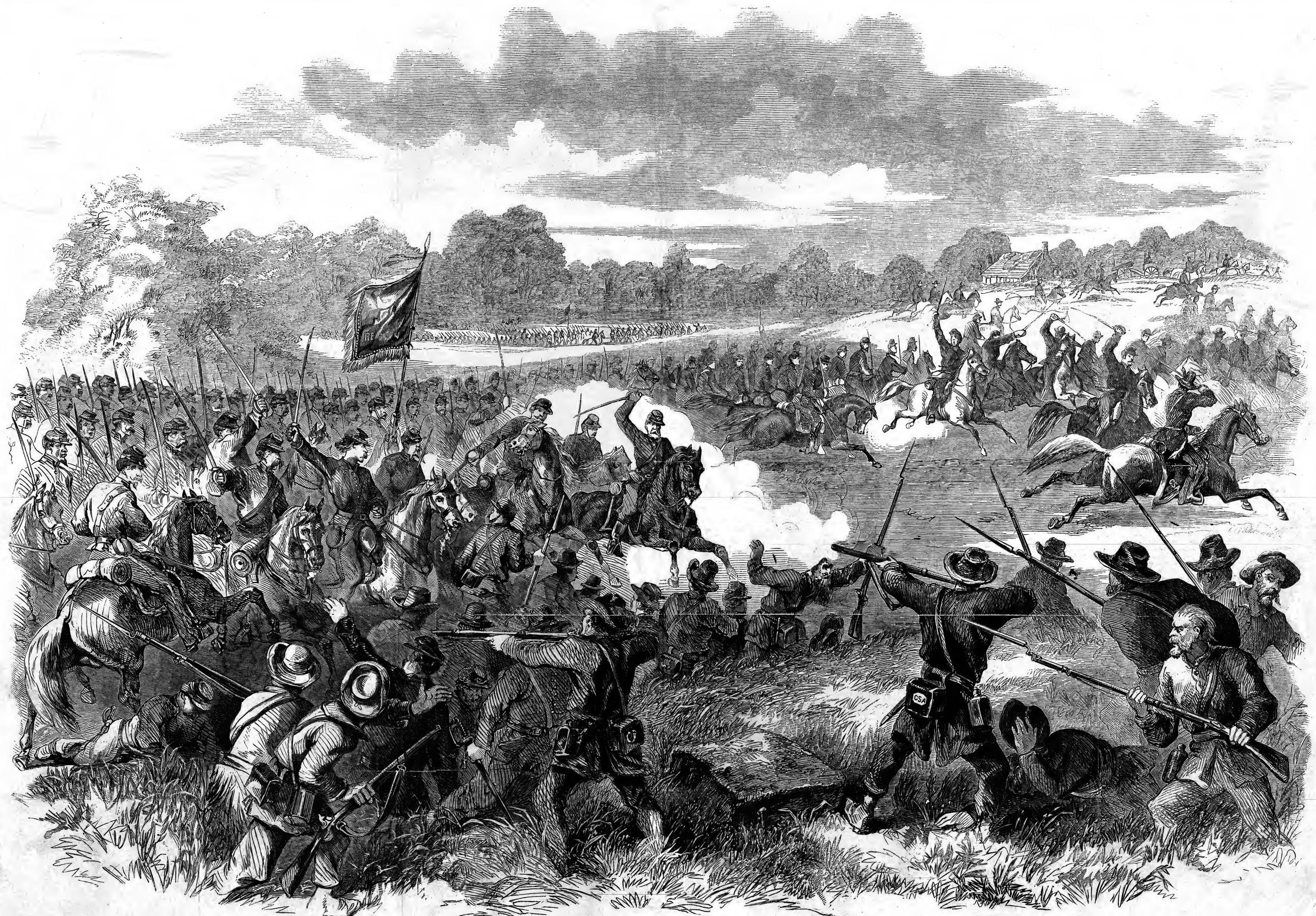
"I am a—d—d—d—d—"

"I am a—d—d—d—d—"

"You are an angel, Violet; and this man—but he stopped himself. "How I trusted him! How fond I was of him—ever since he was a—child—a baby in his grand cradle at the Grange. How I cheered his poor mother with good preaches abut her b—y! I would have staked my life upon his integrity. I did more, my dear son—staked your happiness. I am rightly punished. I am a—d—d—d—d—"

"You are a—d—d—d—d—"

"I am a—d—d—d—d—"



OUR ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND—RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS UNDER GEN. HOOKER, AND DEFEAT OF THE REBELS AT MALVERN HILLS, AUGUST 5TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth as in the days of old,
The times of sacred wit and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Of late I gaze down, when sunset clouds, reeding,
Waves like rich busses of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the courses of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly shining, I would late and long;
But still the voices bade me leave the stillness,
Boaring no echo of the scrapp's song.

To Bethlehem's air was then but anguish given,
With other stars before the One great gem,
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting mirth raised their hymn?

And are they all within the vale departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal's brow.

No; earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
Of such clay as flashtons all below;
Though gables are waning, and bright plumes folded,
We know them by the lovelight on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow—
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the weeping and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded walls—by the lone widow's hearth;
At which pale bed, the silent, shadowed dame,
The grimly paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

They stand in quiet gloom, commanding
The silent, pale, ethereal, the commanding—
The blamishments of wealth and ease notwithstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Streisung sweet flowers upon his path of life,
And looking up with mock and love-lent duty,
I called her angel, but he called her wife.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
Thus, when its spell of sadness is laid down,
Small soul afoot with plumes unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown!

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XIX.—MONEY MATTERS.

ARCHIBALD FLOYD was very lonely at Felden Woods without his daughter. He took no pleasure in the long drawing-room, or the billiard-room and library, or the pleasant galleries, in which there were all manner of easy corners, with abutting bay-windows, damask-cushioned oaken benches, china vases as high as tables, all enlivened by the alternately sternly masculine and simpering feminine faces of those ancestors whose painted representations the banker had bought in Wardour street. (Indeed, I fear those Scottish warriors, those bewigged worthies of the Northern Circuit, those taper-waisted ladies with pointed stomachers, tucked-up petticoats, pauper-hoops and blue-ribbon bedecked crooks, had been painted to order, and that there were such items in the account of the Wardour street recoco merchant as, "To one knight banneret, killed at Bosworth, £25 5s.") The old banker, I say, grew sadly weary of his gorgeous mansion, which was of little avail to him without Aurora.

People are not so very much happier for living in handsome houses, though it is generally considered such a delightful thing to occupy a mansion which would be large enough for a hospital, and take your simple meal at the end of a table long enough to accommodate a board of railway-directors.

Archibald Floyd could not sit beside both the fireplaces in his long drawing-room, and he felt strangely lonely looking from the easel-chair on the hearthrug through a vista of velvet-pile and satin-damask, walnut-wood, burl, malachite, china, parian, crystal and orm-lu, at that so fitly second hearthrug and those empty easy-chairs. He shivered in his dreary grandeur. His five-and-forty feet of thirty feet of velvet-pile might have been a patch of yellow sand in the Tigris Sahara, for any pleasure he derived from its occupation. The billiard-room, perh., was worse; for the cues and balls were every one made precious by Aurora's touch; and there was a great fin-drawn seam upon the green cloth, which marked the spot where Miss Floyd had ripped it open when time she made her first juvenile essay at billiards.

The bank'r locked the doors of both these splendid apartments, and gave the keys to the housekeeper.

"See, the rooms in order, Mrs. Richardson," he said, "and keep them thoroughly aired; but I shall only use them when Mr. and Mrs. Mellish come to me."

And having shut up these haunted chambers, Mr. Floyd retired to that snug little study in which he kept his few relics of the sorrowful past.

It may be said that the Scottish banker was a very stupid old man, and that he might have invited the county families to his gorgeous mansion; that he might have summoned his nephews and their wives, with all grand-nephews and nieces appertaining, and might thus have made the place merry with the sound of fresh young voices, and the long corridors noisy with the patter of restless little feet. He might have ruled literary and artistic celebrities to his lonely h'ath rug, and paraded the lions of the London season upon his velvet-pile. He might have entered the political arena, and have had a seat in the House of Commons for Pickering, Cirencester, Westbury. He might have done almost anything; for he had money nearly as much money as Aladdin, and could have carried dishes of uncult diamonds to the father of any princess whom he might take into his head to marry. He might have done almost anything, this ridiculous old banker; yet he did nothing but sit brooding over his lonely heart—for he was old and feeble, and he sat by the fire even in the bright summer weather—thinking of the daughter who was far away.

He thanked God for her happy home, for her devoted husband, for her secure and honorable position; and he would have given the last drop of his blood to obtain for her these advantages; but he was, after all, only mortal, and he would rather have had her by his side.

Why did he not surround himself with society, as brisk Mrs. Alexander urged?—the first and last meeting place and caroune?

"My dear! Because society was not Aurora. She was the brightest flower of all the literary celebrities who have ever walked this earth since I do him when compared with his daughter's ideal beauty."

Literary lions! Political notabilities! Omnipotent! When Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Charles Dickens should call in Mr. Makepeace Thackeray and Mr. Wilkie Collins to assist them in writing a work in 6 volumes or so, about Aurora, the banker would be sure to be there, for the cockpit. Until then, he could very little for the best book in Mrs. Mellish's collection. When the members of the legislature should bring their political knowledge to bear upon Aurora, Mr. Archibald Floyd would be happy to listen to them. In the interim, he would have yawned in Lord Palmerston's face or turned his back upon Earl Russell.

The banker had been a kind uncle, a good master, a warm friend and a generous patron; but he had never loved any creature except his wife. And when he left her to care for her, he had not been long enough to hold many such attachments as these, and the people who love very intensely are apt to concentrate the full force of their affection upon one object. For 20 years this black-eyed girl had been the idol before which the old man had knelt; and now that the divinity is taken away from him, he falls prostrate and desolate before the empty shrine. Heaven knows how bitterly this beloved child had made him suffer, how deeply she had plunged the reckless dagger into his very core of his loving heart, and how freely, gladly, tamely, and withal had he forgiv'n her. But she had never atoned for the past.

It is poor consolation which Lady Macbeth gives to her remorseful husband when she tells him, "what's done cannot be undone;" but it is painful and terribly true.

Auron could not restore the year which she had taken out of her father's life, and which his anguish and despair had multiplied by ten. She could not even the equal balance of the mind which had once possessed a single, clear, truthful, and strong character, as we shatter the mechanism of a watch when we let it fall upon the ground. The watchmaker patches up the damage, and gives us a new wheel here, a spring there, and sets the hands going again; but they never go so smoothly as when the watch was fresh from the hands of the maker, and they are apt to stop suddenly with no shadow of warning.

She could not make up the mystery of her life, nor was it to be told. She could more easily have haled the ocean dry with a soap-suds—she dare say she would gladly have gone to work to spoon out the salt water, if by so doing she could not have undone that bygone mischief. But she could not; she could not. Her tears, her penitence, her affection, her respect, her devotion, could do much; but they could not do this.

The old banker invited Talbot Bulstrode and his young wife to make themselves at home in Felden Woods, and down to the tea-rooms as often as the place had been, and the country round about its own. They came sometimes, and Talbot entertained his great uncle-in-law with the troubles of the Cornish miners, while Lucy sat listening to her husband's talk with unmitated reverence and delight. Archibald Floyd made his guests very welcome upon these occasions, and gave orders that the oldest and costliest wines in the cellar should be brought out for the captain's entertainment; but sometimes in the very middle of Talbot's discourses upon political economy the old man would sigh wearily, and look with a drowsy yearning gaze far over the tree-tops to a northward direction, toward that distant Yorkshire household in which his daughter was the queen.

Perhaps Mr. Floyd had never quite quite forgotten Talbot Bulstrode, for the breaking off of the match between him and Aurora. The banker had certainly of the two sisters preferred John Mellish; but he was not quite so sure that he was quite correct if Captain Bulstrode had received from the world upon the arrival of Aurora's marriage a broken heart in foreign exile, rather than advertising his indifference by a union with poor little Lucy. Archibald looked wonderingly at his fair-haired niece as she sat before him in the deep bay window with the sunshine upon her amber tresses and the crisp folds of her peach-colored silk dress, looking for all the world like one of the painted heroines so dear to the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and marvelled how it was that Talbot could have come to admire such a picture, so pretty, comely, with her golden hair, her rose and rose-colored smile, with a sparkle of beauty which consists in very careful fin-shing off and picking out of the features; but oh, how tame, how cold, how weak, beside the Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen with the flashing eyes and the serpentine coils of purple-black hair!

Talbot Bulstrode was very calm, very quiet, but apparently sufficiently happy. I use that word "sufficiently" advisedly. It is a dangerous thing to be too happy. Your high pressure happiness, your nine miles an hour enjoyment, will blow you up to a hard end.

Talbot Bulstrode was the quietest parliamentary trim, who comes very early in the morning and carries his passengers safe into the terminus when the shades of night come down, than that rabid, rushing express, which does the journey in a quarter of the time, but occasionally topples over a bank, or rides pickaback upon a luggage-train, in its fiery impetuosity.

Talbot Bulstrode was substantially happier with Lucy than he ever could have been with Aurora. His fair young wife had a domestic worship of him soothed and flattered him. Her gentle obedience, her entire concurrence in his every thought and whim, this pride at rest. She was not eccentric, she was not impetuous. If he left her alone all day in the snug little house in Hall-Moon street which he had furnished before his marriage, he had no fear of her calling for his horses and scampering away into Rotten Row, with nimbed hair as a groom to attend upon her. She was not strong-minded. She was not like Lady Melville, the Newfoundland and Skye terrier. She did not prize Landseer's dogs more than all other examples of modern art. She might have walked down Regent street a hundred times without being once tempted to loiter upon the curbstones and bargains with suspicious-looking merchants for a "noise leet'e dawg." She was altogether gentle and womanly, and Talbot had no fear to trust her to her own sweet will, and no need to impress upon her the necessity of lending her feeble little hand to the mighty task of sustaining the dignity of the Raleigh Bulstrode.

She would cling to him sometimes half-lovingly, half-timidly, and, looking up with a pretty deprecating smile into his coldly handsome face, ask him, falteringly, if he was really, really happy.

"Yes, my darling girl," the Cornish captain would answer, being very well accoustumed to the question, "definitely, very happy."

His calm business-like tone would rather disappoint poor Lucy, and she would vaguely wish that her husband had been a little more like the heroes in the High Church novels, and a little less devoted to Adam Smith, McCulloch and the Cornish mines.

"But you, my darling, you loved Aurora, Talbot?" (There were indeed people who corroborated this mind.) "Aurora, Talbot?" "Talbot," but Mrs. Bulstrode was not more likely to avail herself of that disrespectful abbreviation than she was to address her gracious sovereign as "Vic." "But you don't love me as you loved Aurora, Talbot dear?" the pleasing voice would urge, so tenderly anxious to be contradicted.

"Not as I loved Aurora, perhaps, darling."

"Not as much?"

"As much better, my pet; with a more enduring and a wiser love."

"This was a little bit of a fib when the captain first said it is he to be utterly condemned for the falsehood? How could he resist the loving blue eyes so ready to fill with tears if he answered coldly; the softly pensive voice, tremulous with emotion; the earnest face, the caressing hand laid so lightly upon his coat collar? What was he but more than mortal had he given any but loving answers to these loving questions? And when the captain came when his answers were no longer tinged with so much as the shadow of falsehood. His little wife crept stealthily, almost imperceptibly, into his heart, and if he remembered the fever-dream of the past, it was only to rejoice in the tranquil security of the present.

Talbot Bulstrode and his wife were staying at Felden Woods for a few days during the burning July weather, and sat down to dinner with Mr. Floyd upon the day succeeding the night of the unexpected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Mellish, who rattled up to the door in a hired vehicle just as the second course was being placed upon the table.

Archibald Floyd recognised the first murmur of his daughter's voice, and ran out into the hall to welcome her.

She showed no eagerness to throw herself into her father's arms, but the stalwart Yorkshireman allowed a loose hold to be gradually disengaged, and a great load of travelling-bags, sun-umbrellas, shawls, magazines, newspapers, and other odds.

"My darling, my darling!" exclaimed the banker; "what a happy surprise, what an unexpected pleasure!"

She did not answer him, but, with her arms about his neck, looked mournfully into his face.

"She would come," said Mr. John Mellish, addressing himself generally, "which would come. The doors know why! But she said she must come, what could I do but bring her?" If she asked me to take her to the moon, what could I do but take her? But she wouldn't bring any luggage to speak of, because we're going back to-morrow."

"Going back to-morrow!" repeated Mr. Floyd, "impossible!" "Bless your heart!" cried John, "what's impossible to Lolly?" If she was willing to go to the moon, she'd do it in tell you! She'd have a good time, and she'd be a good wife, and she'd do something or other, and do it good. When we were in Paris she wanted to see the big fountains play; and she told me to write to the Emperor and ask him to have them set going for her. She did, by Jove!"

Luce Bulstrode came forward to bid her cousin welcome, but I fear that those fatal black eyes were again brought to bear upon Talbot's life.

Mrs. Mellish put her arms about her cousin as tenderly as if she had been a young thing.

"You here, dearest Lucy!" she said. "I am so very glad!"

"He loves me," whispered the Mrs. Bulstrode, "and I never, never can tell you how good he is!"

"Of course not, my darling," answered Aurora, drawing her cousin aside, while Mr. Mellish shook hands with his father-in-law and Talbot Bulstrode.

"He is the most glorious of princes, the most perfect of saints, is he not? and you worship him all day, you sing hymns to him, pray and perform high mass in honor, and always telling his virtues, and you are very angry with him, Lucy, how many kinds of love there are, and who shall be it which is the best or highest?" I see plain, blundering John Mellish, yonder, with unprejudiced eyes; I know his every fault; I laugh at his awkwardness. Yes, I laugh now, for he is dropping those things faster than the servants can pick them up."

She stopped to point to poor John's aching burden.

I saw this as plainly as I see the detachment of the servant who carries the chair straight across a dark hallway.

How school-girlish innocent for straight noses and dark hair. Some girls would have reflected Napoleon the Great because he wasn't tall, or would have turned up their noses at the author of "Childe Harold"; or if they had happened to see him in a stand-up collar. If Lord Byron had never turned down his collar, would his poetry have been as popular as it was? If Mr. Alfred Tennyson were to be born again, would he be as popular as he is? What's the Queen of the May?" Where is that marmalade power of Aurora's?

Lucy Bulstrode gave a little half-restrained sigh.

"What a blessing that my poor cousin is happy," she thought;

and yet how can she otherwise than miserable with that absurd John Mellish?

What Lucy meant, perhaps, was this: How could Aurora be more beloved than myself, in that she was the dearest of the servant who carried the chair straight across a dark hallway. How could she be more beloved than myself, in that she was the dearest of the servant who carried the chair straight across a dark hallway. How could she be more beloved than myself, in that she was the dearest of the servant who carried the chair straight across a dark hallway.

Archibald Floyd led his daughter and her husband into the drawing-room, and the dinner-party sat down again with the two unexpected guests, and the second course was served, and the lukewarm salm on brought over in great for Mr. and Mrs. Mellish.

Aurora sat in her old place on her father's right hand. In the old girlish days Miss Floyd had never occupied the bottom of the table, but had loved best to sit close to that foolishly doting parent, pouring out her wine for him in defiance of the servants, and doing other lovesick things which were not becoming to a man of her age.

"Tell Anna," seemed especially affected. That fondly clinging manner had all its ancient charm to the banker. He put down his glass with a tremulous hand to gaze at his darling child, and was dazzled with her beauty, and drunken with the happiness of having her near him.

"But, my darling," he said by-and-by, "what do you mean by talking about going back to Yorkshire to-morrow?"

"I think papa, except that I must go," answered Mrs. Mellish, determinedly.

"But why, come, dear, if you could only stop one night?"

"Because I wanted to see you, dearest father, and to talk to you about—about money matters."

"That's it," exclaimed John Mellish, with his mouth half full of salmon and lobster sauce. "that's it! Money matters! That's all I can get out of her. She goes out late last night, and rounds about the garden, comes in wet through and through, and says she is going to London to-morrow, and she won't say what she wants with money matters? If she won't now, she'll have as much as she wants. She shall write the figure, and I'll sign the cheque; or she shall have a dozen blank cheques to fill in just as she pleases. What is there upon it else that I'd refuse her? If she dipped a little too deep, and put more money than she could afford upon the bay filly, why doesn't she come to me in a tad of the b'ring upon your money matters? You know said so in the train, aurora, linked arm in arm with her poor poor papa about it?"

"Papa or papa looked wistfully at his daughter's husband. What did it all mean? Trouble, vexation, absence of spirit, humiliation, disgrace?"

"Ah, Heaven help that emboldened whine whose strength has been shattered by one great shock. Archibald Floyd had the token of a coming storm in every chance cloud on the summer's sky.

"Perhaps I may prefer to spend my own money, Mr. John Mellish," answered Aurora, "and pay any foolish bets I've chosen to make out of my own purse, without being under an obligation to any one else."

Mr. Mellish returned to his salmon in silence.

"There is no occasion for a great mystery, papa," resumed Aurora; "I want some money for a particular purpose, and I have come to consult with you about my affairs. There is nothing very extraordinary in that, I suppose?"

Mrs. J. J. Mellish tossed her head, and flung this sentence at the assembly, as if it had been a challenge. Her manner was so defiant and so even, as if nothing could daunt her.

"No, of course not; nothing more natural," muttered the captain; but he was thinking all the time, "Thank God I married the other one."

After dinner the little party strolled out on the drawing-room windows on to the lawn, and away towards that iron bridge upon which Aurora had stood, with her dog by her side, less than two years ago, on the occasion of Talbot Bulstrode's second visit to Felden Woods. "I do not know what to do in this tranquil summer evening, what could the case be in doing in this tranquillity?"

"And how much had been done and thought and suffered since?" How contemptible was the narrow space of time! Yet what a terrible nitricles of anguish, what centuries of heartbreak, had been compressed into that pitiful sum of days and weeks! When the fraudulent partner in some hours of business puts the money which is not his into his pocket, it is a bad day for the master of the house; but it is strangely difficult for that wretched daughter to believe that it is not twelve hours since he travelled the road to Epsom confident of success, and calculating how he should invest his winnings.

Talbot Bulstrode was very silent, thinking of the influence which this family of Felden Woods had upon his destiny. His little Lucy saw that silence and thoughtfulness, and stealing softly to her husband, linked her arm in his. She had a right to do it now. Yes, to pass a little while off with him under his coat-sleeve, and even to look him almost boldly in his face.

"Do you remember when you first came to Felden, and we stood upon this very bridge?" she asked; "far as I had been thinking that far-away evening in the bright September of '67. 'Do you remember, Talbot dear?'

She had drawn him away from the banker and his children, in order to ask this all-important question.

"Yes, perfectly, darling. As well as I remember your graceful figure seated at the piano in the long drawing-room, with the sun-shine in your hair."

"Do you remember that you remember me?" exclaimed Lucy, rapturously.

"Very well indeed."

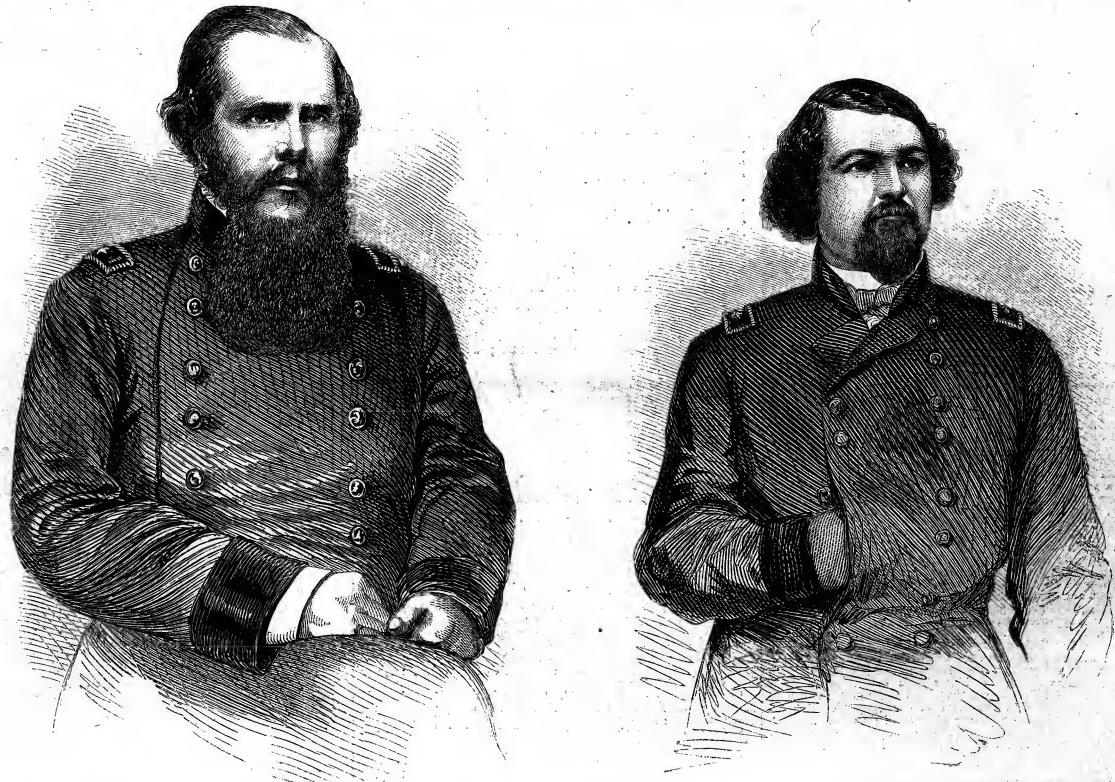
"But I thought—that is, I know—that you were in love with Aurora then."

"I think not."

"Do you think not?"

"How can I think not?"

"I freely confess that my first recollection connected with this place is of a gorgeous black-eyed



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL D. STURGIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 850.

OUR ARMY ON JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

Jack at the Mast-Head.

STRANGE as it may appear, the most apparently exposed positions are not always the most perilous. This will account for the comparative impunity with which balloon ascensions are made to the rebel camps. Invariably, when shot is fired to do damage, although many have been aimed at the aerial lookouts; due partly by the difficulty of making any near guess at an altitude; even the elevation of a mast-top is difficult to hit with any certainty. It is, however, a capital position to take an observation from, and is constantly employed to inform our Generals of the whereabouts of the enemy's masked batteries, wandering guerrillas, or the position of the rebel camps. Every number now has kept-eyed Jack up aloft to spott everything of importance, and as cover against rifle shots these "eyes" are now protected with strong sheet iron,

How necessary this vigilance is our sketches on pages 337 and 341 make evident. All along the Southern side of the James River bands of guerrillas hide themselves, waiting patiently for the opportunity to fire the assassin's shot. One of their favorable positions has been to

Lay in Wait for the Mailboat,

which, near Port Powhattan "offers an eligible opportunity" for a stray murder, since the river narrows here, and the banks are high and shady. Hero for hours have gangs of these cowardly miscreants crouched for the sake of a chance shot. A few days will, however, disperse these desperados, since the trees are to be cut down, and the houses on the bluffs will be destroyed.

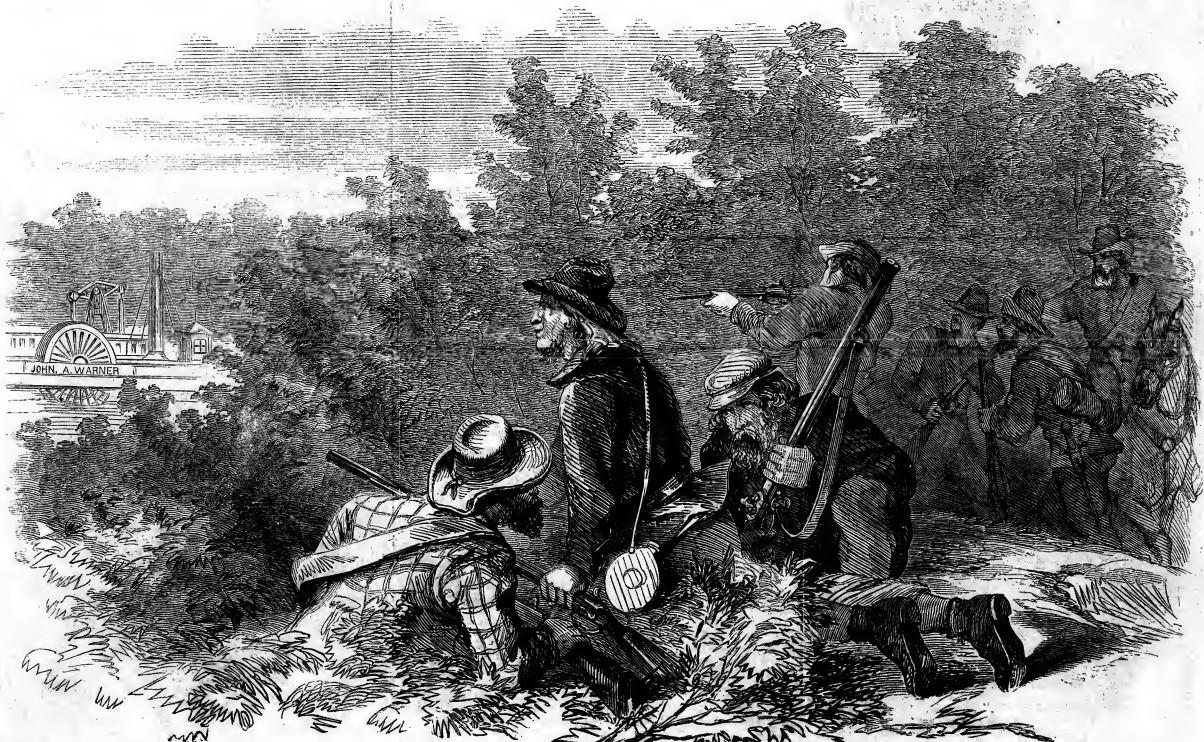
Working on the Fortifications.

■ Our Artist, Mr. Schell, has given us a sketch of the Penelopean task still pursued by some of our troops near Harrison's Landing,

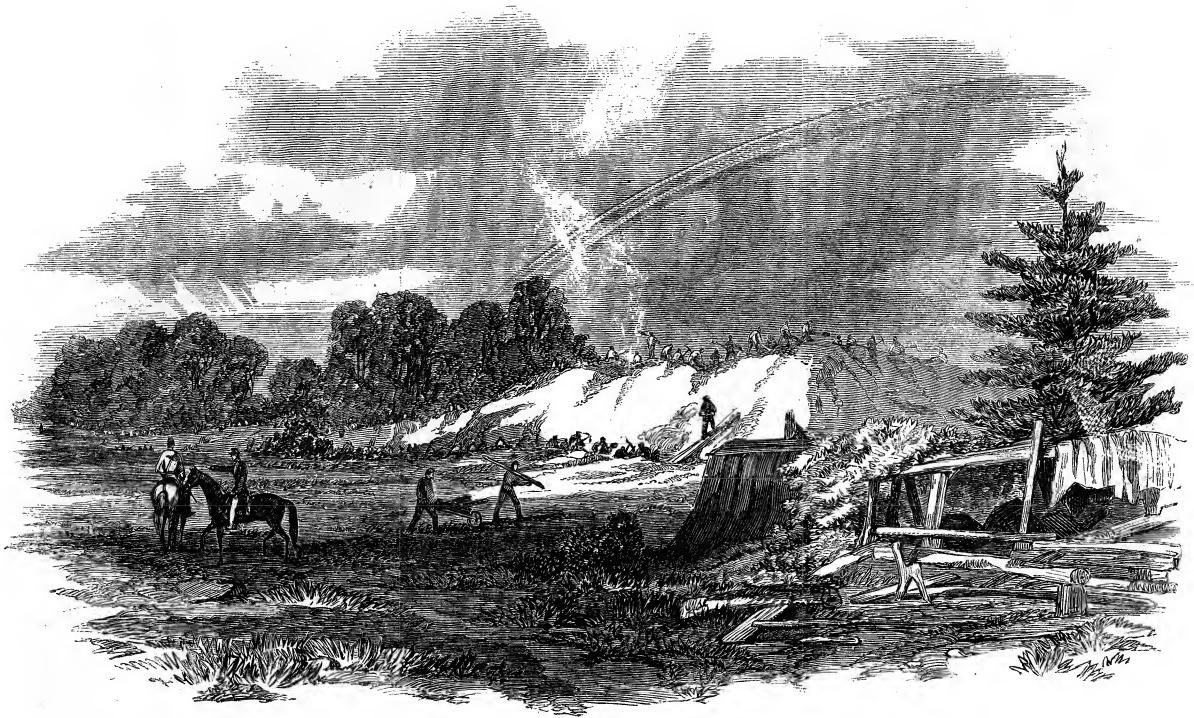
where entrenchments have been thrown up. The time is at hand when the spade will be converted into the sword, and the trowel into the bayonet, and then Richmond will be ours.

Gunboats in the James River.

Our Artist has sent us a most graphic sketch of gunboats at anchor in the river, as seen from Col. Butler's headquarters, which, it will be observed, are upon a high bank of the James river. Few men are more popular and esteemed than the worthy Colonel who fills the highly important post of Provost-Marshal. We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our obligations to him for his substantial services to our Special Artist, Mr. Schell. Col. Butler is one of those very few men who know how to reconcile the duties of their delicate position with the courtesies they owe to that fourth estate and representative of the people, the public press.



REBEL RIFLEMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR FORT POWHATAN, VA., PREPARING TO FIRE INTO THE U. S. MAILBOAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. H. SCHELL.



FEDERAL TROOPS WORKING ON THE FORTIFICATIONS OF GEN. McCLELLAN'S CAMP, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. H. SCHELL.

WESTERN VIRGINIA—GUERRILLAS ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

GUERRILLA warfare is brigandage, and more worthy of the dying cause of Neapolitan despotism than any cause an American can fight for. With their usual refinement upon all that is crafty and cruel, the Southerners and Italians have reached depths of villainy denied even to the Mexican and Greek. It is only just now that we learn of the murder of Gen. McCook. It is an ambulance by rebel guerrillas, while he was being conducted, utterly prostrated by sickness, in advance of his army. Eighteen days terrible scenes of vengeance inflicted by his infuriated soldiers. Mr. Edwin Forbes, our Special Artist with Gen. Pope's army, reports many instances of the diabolical activity of this class of robbers on the Blue Ridge,

but he significantly adds that Gen. Pope has a very efficacious system of dealing with them, although not altogether in accordance with Lincoln's rosewater system. He says that the first step is to catch them marauders watch our wagon trains, and if they can kill a teamster or a horse, and now and then capture a wagon—which, however, is very rarely accomplished—they consider themselves as very successful, although the act no more affects the issue of the war than the discharge of a fire-cracker on the 4th of July. The passes of the Blue Ridge mountains were favorite spots until lately with the guerrillas, but the strict rule of Pope and Siegel are fast rendering these regions safe. The people of Western Virginia are now fully made aware of what a floating mass of brigandage existed in our Southern and Border States. It will require a very severe and searching system to extirpate these pests of society.

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIS A. GORMAN.

WILLIS A. GORMAN, whose recent hard fighting before Richmond has immortalized his name as a soldier, was born in Kentucky; but removing to Indiana when very young, he has generally been considered as a native of the latter State. Little is known of his earlier years, which were chiefly devoted to farming and politics. At the commencement of the Mexican war he offered his services to the Government, and was appointed a Major of J. H. Lane's regiment of Indiana volunteers. He was in command of the rifle company of the 1st Indiana, which was commanded by H. M. Devin, and made Colonel of the 4th Indiana regiment, and particularly distinguished himself in the battle of Huamata. In July, 1848, his regiment was disbanded, and he returned to Indiana, where he re-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIS A. GORMAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 350.

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